50 " year

JUNE, 1944

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

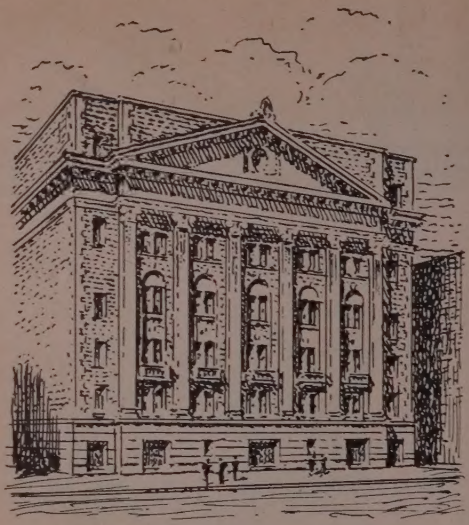
The Open Mind

There can be no lasting beauty
For the pool that has no flow
To freshen languid waters:
Our channels still must grow!

There can be no lasting beauty
For the pool that has no spring
To nourish all its flowing
Toward brooks that glow and sing.

So the Open Mind, like open pools,
Must be full and unconfined—
For a fresh inflow feeds an overflow
On its way to aid mankind!

—*Lulu H. Kenworthy*



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XXI **June, 1944** *Number 3*

Two Remaining Sundays

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue near Sheridan Road

11:00 o'clock

JUNE 4TH—Baccalaureate Sunday
"YOUTH AND TOMORROW"

JUNE 11TH—32nd Anniversary
"MY 32 YEARS IN CHICAGO"

Broadcast by WJJD

Plan to Attend These Services

The Church Never Had a Better Year—Your Cooperation Made It Possible

Dr. Bradley's Summer Radio Schedule

WLS—Chicago, Ill.—7:45 a.m.—Monday through Friday
WHO—Des Moines, Iowa—5:30 p.m.—Monday through Friday
KSD—St. Louis, Mo.—7:15 a.m.—Monday through Friday
KOIL—Omaha, Neb.—7:15 a.m.—Monday through Friday
KFAB—Lincoln, Neb.—7:45 a.m.—Monday through Friday
KROC—Rochester, Minn.—12:00 noon—Monday through Friday
KATE—Albert Lea, Minn.—9:00 p.m.—Mon., Tues., Weds., Thurs.
KATE—Albert Lea, Minn.—5:30 p.m.—Sunday
KYSM—Mankato, Minn.—6:30 p.m.—Mon., Weds., Thurs., Fri.
KYSM—Mankato, Minn.—5:30 p.m.—Sunday

"RELIGIOUS HABITS VS. RELIGIOUS CREEDS"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

A NAME to conjure with in the business and religious life of the United States is the name of Roger Babson. Roger Babson is one of the most conspicuous and efficacious examples of what a man can do who dedicates his life to the application and practice of the simple, definite, ethical teachings of Jesus.

Roger Babson rose to the highest office in the gift of his own denominational life. He was the head of the Congregational Association of Churches of the United States of America, one of the few laymen to acquire that responsible and influential position, but more than that, during these last few years, Mr. Babson has been issuing with regularity to the people of the United States "reports' which he calls "Babson's Reports." These reports are similar to the many which are being given by various other personalities and institutions, from Washington and from New York, and other parts of the nation.

I read them occasionally through the kindness of the President of our Board of Trustees, Mr. Wm. M. Stickney, and recently there have come to my desk some of these reports which evidence the basic quality of the thinking which Roger Babson is doing and which he is attempting to pass on to the American people who will sooner or later—how soon or how late none of us know—but who will sooner or later be required to make a series of important decisions.

Now, the most important moment in any person's life is the moment when he must make a decision—a decisive moment. What he does and says and how he acts in a decisive moment involves his whole destiny, for we are all the results of the decisions we have made; every one of us is what he or she is at this moment because of decisions made in our lives. Therefore, it seems almost sophomoric to suggest that there is not anything more important than our decisions, and the American people, in this future which may be near or may be remote, will be required to make some decisions. People who are anticipating the seriousness of those decisions are becoming more sober-minded about their importance every hour, for we do recognize that perhaps the next ten centuries, a thousand years, in the life of the human race may revolve around those decisions. I do not think that this is an extravagant conception of time. Probably the next three months, the next six months, may shape the destiny of this earth for ten centuries. I rather think it will, and that means, obviously, that we are all of us, if we are attempting to live up to the full dignity of our responsibility, concerned about how we can approach the decisions and apply what some of us have accepted as the only code of morality which could possibly shape the world into better paths of comity and understanding.

Roger Babson feels very definitely the seriousness of the ability of the people to translate into action and conduct the accepted truths of moral and ethical beauty which are coronated in the life and personality of the great Teacher.

Now, obviously, somewhere along the way, something happened in these

nineteen centuries that has sent humanity off on a wrong track. The moral imperative, the statement of the moral ideals and the ethical rectitude of those ideals of Christ cannot be denied; I do not think that it is possible for any moral or ethical pholosopher to tear down the rectitude of the moral and ethical emphasis of the Teacher of Galilee. It has withstood the storms of the centuries; but something has happened to the ability of those eternal truths to make themselves articulate in human society, has it not? Something has happened somewhere along the way. A man was designed to live in human history as a "Prince of Peace"—something must have happened that we are up to our necks in our own blood on this earth. Something, somewhere, must have gone wrong, and Roger Babson in his reports on "Religious Habits vs. Religious Creeds" says that the thing that went wrong was religion emphasizing the creeds that were written about Jesus to the utter neglect of the application of the teachings of Jesus to the full area of human society, and he raises an indictment, and I think a justified one, against institutional religion and organized religion, which, in its evoluton toward a powerful and formidable organism, has minimized the moral and ethical accuracy of the teachings of Christ, and he contends that humanity went off on these tangents of controversy, of argument, of discussion, of creed-making, of organization-making, splits in the Church, theological tragedies and obscurities, men arising who have fortified their position by a personalization of power and have said: "My church is the only church and the only true church, and there is none other." Men have gone off into various currents of human history and have distorted and twisted and torn and scarred and marred the simple, plain, unadorned pholosophy and teachings of Christ until the thing that happened was that the Church lost Christ!

The Church found power, the Church found membership, the Church found influence, the Church found pageantry, the Church found security, the Church found these things and *Lost Christ,* and when it lost Christ, the world crashed!

Now, what does it resolve itself down to, for Christianity as an argument does not contain my interest, I am not interested in arguing about Christianity. I am not interested in theological controveries about Christianity, we have had plenty of it, it all but ruined us. I am not worried about creeds for I believe none of them. Every creed that has ever been formulated in the whole experience of Christianity was written and formulated by men. Jesus never knew one of them, he never recited one, he had no Apostles' creed, he never saw and never heard one, and neither did some of the apostles. The great convention of the year 325, the Council of Nicaea, which occurred nearly four centuries after the death of Jesus and which introduced a theological controversy into Christendom, Jesus had nothing to do with. Let me affirm, my dear friends, I am not concerned about the creeds of Christianity; I see the failure of the creeds all about me, I see the failure of the arguments, the controversies, the calling of names, the hard and strained attitude of Christians toward each other, while in the last few days there are evidences of another great controversy that will sweep Christendom in the rapidly developing controversy between the Ecumenical Patriarch of the Eastern Greek Church who, in the past week, has issued an edict and a pastoral communication to his Church throughout Christendom in which he presents an

argument against the Pontiff of Rome as being the sole Vicar of Christ upon this earth, and already the reverberations of that controversy are sweeping throughout the United States of America, through Europe, Russia, Italy, on this very Easter day of the Greek Church, for the Greek Church changed its calendar, and whenever Easter falls upon the Passover of the Jews the Greek Church commemorates the Sunday after as Easter, and for millions, and millions of Christians today, this is Easter Day, and not last Sunday. But already this controversy is sweeping, sweeping, sweeping through the whole of Christendom, and you will hear more of it in the next months . . . the reverberations between two great historic groups of Christians, the Greek Orthodox Catholic and the historic Roman Catholic, will open a controversy that will shake the theological earth as it has never been shaken since the Reformation, and all this *IN THE MIDST OF WAR!* Quarrels! Creeds of Christendom quarreling, fighting against each other, while only this week I was riding on a Pennsylvania Railroad train and a gentleman came up to me and said: "You are Doctor Bradley?" and I said: "Yes." "I am a Lutheran minister from Fort Wayne," he said. "Sit down, we Lutherans ought to get along pretty well together." "Are you a Lutheran?" he asked. "Oh, yes, I am anything that comes along, it makes no difference to me." "Why do you say that?" "I said it to avoid an argument, because I knew it would not be three minutes before you would start on me." We had a very interesting conversation and he told me that in one branch of the Lutherans there is a group that practices what he called "The Fellowship of Prayer," and he said that certain ministers would not pray in the presence of other ministers who did not believe in their group; that they would not join the fellowship in prayer.

Then I met one of the fundamentalist brethren whose voices are splitting the air these days in such exuberance, something that always happens in war, and he told me that there were three people whom we talked about who were on the radio preaching a fundamental interpretation of Christianity to whom he would not speak, and I said, "Why?" "Because they are wrong; they are not preaching the right doctrine; they are not advocating the right creed."

To me, ladies and gentlemen, I care not what classification you assign to me or what your individual opinion or theory might be, to me this is the greatest tragedy that has ever settled down upon the world—to lose Christ in the creeds! Now, to me, it is not argument about Christianity—do I believe in Christianity? I do. Do I believe in Christ? I do. What is the application of that belief? My obedience to form, ceremony, creed? Not at all. My quarreling with my fellowmen because they may not believe as I believe? Not at all. My arguing into the white heat of passion until I evidence an unchristlikeness? Not at all. My dear friends, the problem before this world, before Chrisitianity, is not to argue as to whether it is true or not, *BUT TO LIVE AND ACT CHRISTIANITY!* I can belong to all the churches in Chicago, the Roman Catholic, the Jewish and the Protestant; I could shout from the housetops what I believe; I could pray so loud that I could be heard in Milwaukee without a radio; I could do all these things and it would not matter at all, *IF I DID NOT PRACTICE IN MY LIFE THE TRUTH OF CHRIST! THAT'S THE TEST!*

Let me illustrate, if I can, what I

mean, because this thing is a burden upon my life, it is a thing I have been preaching throughout my entire ministry. Every sermon I have ever preached has only been a variation of this one ideal. I am as convinced as I am that I am standing here in my blessed pulpit this morning that if we could find a way to follow the ethics of Jesus this world's troubles would clear up immediately. I don't believe there is any other answer. I don't believe we can ever do it merely through organizations or world courts or Atlantic charters, or any other aspect of pure organizational truth. I question whether you can ever organize the truth of Christ. I don't think that the mind of man has sufficient latitude or longitude to ever incorporate into a creed the truth of Christ. I don't think it can ever be done; I am sure it never has been done yet.

Centuries before two lads by the name of Wright, in Dayton, Ohio, proved the law of gravitation by a very undeveloped, immature airplane, Leonardo da Vinci dreamed of aviation. What was man doing through the centuries between Leonardo da Vinci and the Wright Brothers? Leonardo da Vinci dreamed of man assuming the faculties of flight—dreamed of it. Man, through the centuries, toyed with the dream, but it remained for the Wright boys to pull the dream out of the sky and build an airplane! Man has been toying with the idea of world peace, he has been toying with the philosophy and truth of Christ, man has been listening to the Beatitudes, man has been dreaming of a warless world, man has been thinking of an unobscured altar for his heart and soul in which his contact between himself and the Eternal could be established to his own well being. Man has wondered in his sea of tears and in his oceans of failure, man has been wondering, toying with the dream. *Has not the hour arrived in human history for the dream to become a reality in the operations of human society? Who will bring the dream out of the speculative fancies of man and make it articulate on the highways and byways of the earth?*

The religion of Jesus was a religion of action. The heart and soul of Jesus is the "Sermon on the Mount." It is not baptism, it is not co-ordination, transubstantiation, consubstantiation; it is not theory, it is not closed communion, immaculate conception, it is none of these things; they have stood in the way. The great and eternal need of this hour is not creeds; the creeds are dead, and all the churches of the earth that depend for their perpetuity upon the dead verbiage of the past centuries are fighting for their lives. It will not be the Church that will save the world; the Church has been trying. It is not the creeds that will save humanity. It will be those who can build the airplanes of practical application of the teachings of Christ and fly the skies of man's hopes and dreams; and that means that all groups, and faiths, and religions, and all cults and all creeds together, unified by a common desire to put into execution the teachings of this man which means a true resurgence and a resurrection of religion—they will save humanity.

Let us be finished with argument, let us be finished with debate, let us be finished thinking what we believe or do not believe about Christianity. Let us be fair to Christianity by acknowledging that if you can find a way to make it articulate in human society, it will have the answer. Why not be that fair with Jesus? Every word he said, every sentence he uttered, every sermon he preached had to do with something that was liveable, something vital, something that you could come to terms with, something that you

could see, something that had to do with life, Life, LIFE! Read the parables, listen to his sentences: no theology, no isms, no creeds, but LIFE, LIFE, LIFE! Let me touch life and feed hungry people the spiritual bread. "If you drink of this water you shall never thirst." Life! Vitality! that was the spirit of Christ, and let that spirit loose in the world today and it will stop the wranglings and fighting and quarreling. In the name of Christ, in the name of the Church, let prophets, popes, priests, ministers, ambassadors, rabbis, leaders, let them stop all the controversies and let them all, from Pope to humblest priest, from Protestant pastor who may stand in a two million dollar Gothic cathedral to the humblest country clergyman in his little white church, let them all say: "The Christ! We will go to him again!" and you will see what will happen. That kind of a renaissance is on the way; that kind of a new birth is about to dawn. There will be leaders who will spring up; there will be universal voices which will speak; there will be men and women in the next twelve months throughout the world, whose names you do not know in this hour, who will be touched with the divine fire of the new prophecy; they will be kinsmen of universal truth. It will sweep the world! What will it be? The simple, unadorned truth of the Galilean operating in human society!

This past week I spoke in the city of Philadelphia, and while I was in Philadelphia I had the very great opportunity of doing what I always do when I go to that city of brotherly love, I always visit Independence Hall. I stood in the very room and touched the table upon which was placed the Declaration of Independence of this country. I stood in a spirit of worship before the desk at which sat George Washington at the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and I thought: "the Declaration of Independence was the 'Spirit of Freedom,' the ideal, the dream, and it was eleven long years before they took the dream and in a document gave it framework. The Declaration: the 'Spirit of Freedom,' the Constitution the 'Framework.'" The Declaration of Freedom is in the world: "I have come that you might have life." "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," that is the Declaration of Freedom; action is the Constitution of Religion giving life and action to the principles of freedom.

James Hilton has given us two interesting books in the past. Most of you have read one of them, "Shangri-la," that pointed vividly and beautifully to us that place where everything was preserved which was beautiful and lovely; but James Hilton also gave us "Good-bye, Mr. Chipps." You cannot have a "Shangri-la" without a "Mr. Chipps." It was "Mr. Chipps" who lived and worked the values that made "Shangri-la" possible. So it is with Christianity."

HEAR DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

June 11, 1944—11:00 A. M.

32nd Anniversary Sermon

"MY 32 YEARS IN CHICAGO"

After 32 Years—*I BELIEVE:*

AS I turned off the lamp in my study last night and lay in my bed pondering over the occurrences of the past thirty-two years, nearly a third of a century, and thinking also of the years which lie ahead, I could not help but wonder if anybody had ever been more blessed with the quality and number of friends I have had throughout the years in the course of my labors as pastor of this church.

About two years after I came into this pulpit the world began to smash up. And for 30 years since 1914 my public work has been carried on in a crashing and drastically-changing world, wherein I have seen everything begin to crumble and in which there has been a certain form of psychology created in the development of great mass movements. This has driven those of us who have the responsibility of directing or influencing or molding public opinion to the slightest degree, into a comprehension of the tremendous sense of responsibility that rests upon our shoulders.

Those things which have not changed in this ever-changing world are the only things in my heart that I want to give to you today.

I believe in the dignity and importance of man! I believe that every individual was designed by the directive intelligence of the cosmos to have a specific part in the destiny of the whole. I have never deified success and I have never worshipped power! I have always held and I hold persistently to the idea of the worthwhileness of each individual life! All humanity is my pulpit; all humanity is the sounding board against which I have tried to give to a grating, crumbling world a deeper sensitiveness of human values! If each person in this vast world would only feel that his particular life is a significant thing upon this earth, we would all treat ourselves much better than we do as individual human beings. Nothing which is happening anywhere in the world either at home or abroad, is compelling me to revamp this first imperative of my life.

The second imperative which dominates my being is that of being tolerant, and of being intolerant only of intolerance! I ask for myself nothing which I am not ready and willing to grant to another. Therefore, to the people of every creed, I have never given one ounce of my energy to make it impossible for them to worship at the altar which satisfies their souls! No matter what happens to the various religions, be it that of the Lutherans, of the Catholics, of the Presbyterions, or of the Jews, that fundamental attitude shall remain an imperative of my life as long as it lasts!

After all, every preacher has only one sermon—one dominant motif. Those of you who have listened to me speak in the past, as well as those of you who will hear me in the future will find the same theme, the same dominating motif running through all that I have to say: The absolute conviction, the undisturbed devotion to an ideal which, in spite of everything which may happen to the world or to me, inherently and basically and fundamentally asserts that humanity, by the very nature of humanity's relationship to the divinity of all creation, will some day find a way to make this world the kingdom of God and to bring into execution the brotherhood of man and the parliament of the nations.

As I look back upon all the years of the past, the deepest sorrow that I feel is that created by my own incapacity

to meet all the demands which have been placed upon me. I ask the forgiveness of those whom I have thus failed. As we face the future, let us dedicate ourselves afresh to the fundamental ideals upon which our church is founded!

I do not share the belief with some who are proclaiming vociferously that the world is coming to an end, or that civilization will fail. They have been saying that for 2,000 years. God has not abrogated nor given up. A new and finer world is in process of creation. God created man for something high, and neither God nor man will rest until this world becomes a world of comity, understanding and good will. Evil is not stronger than good. Evil men and evil principles have no enduring power. The triumph of evil things over good things is only temporary. Goodness is the eternal value and a good earth is in the making. P. B.

Taken From Dr. Bradley's Latest Book "My Daily Strength"

THE OPEN MIND

The word "God" in my life is a symbol for a sense of unity with all life. Whatever God is, to me He is one. The superb beauty of Jesus is in the matchless beauty of his humanity—not in his Godhead. I find all the religion I want —all the creed I need, in this quotation from William Ellery Channing: "Live a life of faith and hope, believe in the mighty power of truth and love."

I have no creed to maintain, no attack to make upon anyone's church or religion. Toward the problem of religion I possess the attitude of the open mind.

Call the roll of what has been done in America and you will find it has been done by men and women who weren't afraid of their traditions, who did their best, who went through with the light as they saw it, right into the light.

O Heart of Hearts, my prayer this day to Thee is this: that whenever my life touches another life, may it touch it with an inspiration and a beauty that shall turn the face toward the morn and lift the heart at noonday and at eventide shall give rest and peace in the quiet beauty of eternal things.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Mr. Crowson Introduces Dr. Bradley

(An introduction of Dr. Preston Bradley given by Mr. George M. Crowson Assistant to the President of the Illinois Central System)

IF ANY MAN deserves to have it said of him that he is truly cosmopolitan in his tastes, his talents and his endeavors, such a man is our speaker this evening.

We know him best perhaps as pastor of the great People's Church of Chicago, the church which he organized as a young minister in his very early twenties, of which he has been the dynamic leader for more than thirty-two years, and through which he has ministered greatly to the bodies and souls of hundreds of thousands of men and women and children in the crowded city of which he has come to be one of its most distinguished citizens.

Most of us know him too as a great radio preacher, whose messages have gone around the world, bringing hope and comfort and cheer and inspiration to millions of people he has never seen.

However, the rich renown of our speaker does not rest upon his ministerial labors alone. Into his busy life he has crowded a great host of other accomplishments, any one of which would insure a lesser man's claim to fame.

Many of us are well acquainted with some of his outstanding works in the field of literature, as a writer of books and articles, as a magazine editor, and as a book reviewer and literary critic from the pulpit, over the air, and in the press. His encyclopedic knowledge of literature, his awareness of life, his intimate acquaintance with the men and women who are creating the literary treasures of our times, and above all his genial, heart-warming philosophy give to his labors in this field their zest and charm.

Those of us who revel in the outdoors, who are true lovers of Nature, who from time to time seek the solace of field and stream, know our speaker there too—as past president of the Isaac Walton League of America, as a writer and lecturer on outdoor life, and most of all as an ardent fisherman, a loyal disciple of the patron saint of all anglers.

Many of us here this evening are interested in the theater, and as such we know and admire the attainments of our speaker in that field—as a member of the Drama League of America, a regular first-nighter, a comrade and confidant of the men and women whom most of us know best across the footlights.

I could continue this recital far into the night, but certainly I have said more than enough to introduce a man who needs no introduction. Before his galaxy of attainments I stand in awe, wondering, as I do not doubt most of you often wonder, how he manages to do so many and such varied things and to do them all so superlatively well.

We are honored to have him with us this evening, to have him come to our modest little country church, to have him spend an evening with us, and to have him share with us the outpouring of his great mind and warm heart.

I present Dr. Preston Bradley.

The Liberalist

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GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
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EDITORIAL

THESE June days are times identified with youth. It is my good fortune these days to be looking into the faces of graduates from our educational institutions every day, and I never face a crowd of young people without wishing I could duplicate for them an experience which happened to me when I was a freshman in college. Many of my readers will remember with gratitude and affection the name of William A. Quayle, probably one of the finest orators who ever stood upon the American platform or in an American pulpit. I go back to his influence on my life as one of the most fortunate contacts I have ever known. My graduation from high school was just 39 years ago. I was a member of the class of 1905. That fall I entered Alma College as a freshman. Never shall I forget that experience; I had come from a little country town of less than 500 people. Making those early adjustments in that freshman year was difficult, but I consider it one of the most fortunate experiences of my life that the college brought to our chapel platform one morning, William O. Quayle. I sat on the front seat. He walked onto the platform with our beloved and venerable president, Dr. Bruske, who will be remembered by many of our Michigan and Indiana readers.

Dr. Quayle was short and stocky; he wore an old Prince Albert; his hair was rather unkempt; a long, black string necktie was carelessly tied, but oh! what a voice and what a personality! Something happened to me that morning in that college chapel which has influenced my whole life. Raising his right arm, his index finger extended, he seemed to point it directly at me, as he closed that memorable morning with this sentence: "Follow the gleam, young man, follow the gleam." If I had missed that moment, my whole life would have been impoverished; and in a world where youth is being penalized for being young, and where millions are having life taken from them so young, it is well to remember the gleam.

I left that chapel that morning determined that I would spend my life in the work which I have tried to do. There have been moments in which

futility gnawed at my ideals and dreams; but in every such moment the ringing words of my beloved Dr. Quayle would come reverberating across the years: "Follow the gleam."

I don't believe that any person can ever make life the fine expression which it ought to be without being dominated by a great imperative. We are all hero-worshippers, as Emerson tells us, and we all worship the hero for the simple reason of what he arouses within ourselves, and we all need a hero in our lives and in our devotions. Our hero need not be great or famous or known by anybody. There are great heroes in very humble walks of life and in very modest circumstances. I have known such heroes, many of them. Just to know their lives was an inspiration.

Some years ago I made the acquaintance of a Chinese student who, by working as a waiter and in other odd jobs, was able to put himself through high school here in Chicago. After his high school career he wanted to study art, with the particular emphasis on architecture. He entered the Chicago Art Institute and was soon recognized by the teachers and his fellow students as possessing unusual ability. He sought and welcomed every opportunity to assimilate the culture and the atmosphere of our city. I said to him one day: "Kam" (his name was Kam Yung Wong) "I have noticed one thing about you; you always appear as a gentleman; neat, quiet, refined; and certainly you create a favorable impression." He looked at me and quite decisively said: "Well, the people with whom I come in contact are going to get their impression of China and my people from what I am, and I want them to have a good impression. I am to my circle of friends and in the work I am trying to do, China."

Words of wisdom are these from the lips of a youthful Chinese. I wonder what that attitude would do for those of us who have the greatest opportunity in all history to evidence our loyalty and love to the truly fundamental issues of life and let the world judge our nation, our culture, our spirit, our ambitions, from what they see in us. I detect an increasing sense of responsibility which seems to predicate the growing of this idea. To youth or maturity who may read these lines, might I send out a ray of light and a gleam of hope in the sentence first heard by me so many years ago:

"Follow the gleam! Follow the gleam!" P. B.

BOOK CHATS

MANY of my readers who are interested in books will undoubtedly recall a book entitled "Time Out To Live," written by William M. Tomlinson. Mr. Tomlinson was a successful, hard-working Philadelphia business man, and under it all he "cracked up." It was after this experience that he wrote the book "Time Out To Live," for it was based upon his own survey of his own follies for money getting and power-grabbing. He was tired of it and he wanted to formulate a new and more satisfying code for living, and so he gave us the book "Time Out To Live." It is a serious, earnest, sensible book, with fine ideals inspiring its practical counsel.

But that is not the book I am about

to discuss with you, for Mr. Tomlinson has given us another book, with the poetic title "The Flickering Torch," and it is what he calls "An Appraisal of Freedom." It is addressed to every citizen of our nation who, in a period of darkness and bewilderment has courage to face realities and dares to hope. In "Time Out To Live" Mr. Tomlinson created a design for individual fulfillment. Now he turns his pen to the broader subject of our nation and the struggle we are in to fulfill and maintain a traditional purpose in a stricken world. "The Flickering Torch," the name of our book, is an effort to appraise what we call freedom. What is this freedom? What is its historic background? What is its present status in our land and what are we to do about the hazards which now threaten to stifle its flame? Mr. Tomlinson's appraisal, which all of us may contemplate with earnestness, leads to a conception of patriotism which has within it the power to transfer a flickering torch into a new flame of hope and human progress. It does not treat the subject in the traditional, platitudinous, superficial way. It is not written with glittering and ineffective repetitious phrases which sometimes find their way into the mouths of unthinking orators, but it is a constructive, critical and creative appraisal of freedom.

The book is not written in the mood of a detached philosopher, nor the lawyer, nor the office seeker, nor the politician, but from the point of view of the citizen. Mr. Tomlinson is today a counselor of public relations and a very active leader in various civic undertakings in and about the historic old city of Philadelphia.

One of the attractions of the book to me is that the author has said what he had to say with a minimum number of words. It is not a big book, only 132 pages, and could easily be read by most readers in an evening. By the way, one of the effects of war is to make books ever smaller and smaller, which I think is a great advantage. I don't like big books, from the point of view of size. I like great books, but great books can be little books, and not all big books are great books by any means. We ought never to think of bigness and greatness as synonymous. They are not. This is a little book but I also think it is a great book. In the foreword Mr. Tomlinson announces the mood and spirit of the book, when he says:

"One who undertakes a discussion of freedom is treating with something which in the absolute exists no place on earth. Nature has her laws, government its ordinances, and society its restrictions, all of which place man in a straight-jacket of conformity. Within these limitations, men here in America have worked out a way of life we describe as freedom. Many of us speak carelessly, unknowingly about this freedom. We view it through a glass darkly. 'This is a free country,' we hear people remark sometimes, with the inference 'so I will do as I please.' That of course reflects a condition of mental astigmatism. These pages are concerned with a particular pattern of freedom. For long years this American pattern served us well. Of late we seem to have allowed it to become warped and ill-fitted to the needs of the day. Exponents of new orders scoff at it and call it dowdy, faulty and outmoded. If this be true, the weakness lies not in the pattern, but with us, the workmen whose task it is to fashion human progress according to a fine traditional standard.

"With war raging about us, and day by day involving us more deeply perhaps, we should defer thinking about the state of American freedom until the continuance of that freedom is assured. That war is a part of our struggle to

preserve our freedom. We dare not delude ourselves that victory in it is not essential to our vital interests as a people. Along with that clear recognition, however, we must not lose the longer vision of internal progress in America. If we but succeed in defending ourselves, if we but help to rescue freedom abroad from the shackles which bind it, only to see it falter in America, we will have impoverished both ourselves and the world. These are days of crisis for the torch bearers of a way of life. About that crisis, this introspection is concerned and its hopes are woven," and this is what the book is about.

There are seven chapters, opening with one called "Lookout Mountain—A Symbol" and closing with one properly entitled "Turbulent Winds." There is one chapter alone which I wish might be read by every person in this land. It is entitled "The New Patriotism." In this chapter Mr. Tomlinson evidences the scope of his understanding, not only of the ideals of freedom, but the tremendous and difficult task of reaching those ideals. He is no sentimentalist in this matter and it is not just a lot of high-sounding melodious phrases. A materialistic age which asks only "What's in it for me?" is dying amid the ruins of its failure. There is only one kind of an age which can safely follow. It is the one which must ask "What can I do and give?" Otherwise the course of freedom and democracy is ended. The new patriotism is really not new at all, but it has simply been lost sight of through long years of self-indulgence.

Now it is all different and we will increasingly realize the true meaning and the full scope, not of an ego-centered, selfish, limited patriotism, which old Dr. Johnson called the last refuge of a scoundrel, but a spiritually conceived patriotism, which incorporates an awareness of all true human values, not only for the individual, but for society as well—a patriotism which will inspire such loyalty and such action that we will come to terms with poverty and unemployment, graft, and greed and corruption. That is the patriotism which we all need. Said the cynic: "I could have made a better world than this." And the sage replied: "That's why God put you here. Go to it."

* * *

No reader will have any difficulty in recalling the name of the book I am going to talk about, because the title is a phrase we often hear. It is called "Unfinished Business," and it is written by Stephen Bonsal. Colonel Bonsal was a confidential interpreter for President Wilson and the book is the inside story of the Peace Conference in 1918 and '19. It is high time that such a book, containing the facts which it does, was made available to the public. There has been more discussion *pro* and *con* and more conjecture as to the Peace Conference than as to almost any other experience in our national and international history, and in his dedication of the book to Arthur Krock, the distinguished Washington correspondent of the New York Times, Colonel Bonsal says: "To Arthur Krock who intercepted this chronicle as it drifted toward the archives of some historical society and who is not afraid to share with his grateful, admiring friend the brickbats its publication may provoke."

Of all the books which have been written on the Peace Conference, this is the most unique, as it is the most valuable; unique because it is the only one made from notes which Colonel Bonsal took at the secret sessions where no secretaries were allowed. In between these sessions he had the opportunity of talking with the leaders of the Conference, and he was in a position to

judge at close range all of the personalities and to watch the development of their ideas and decisions. This book is made up exclusively of these notes, and on the authority of the author they are unchanged in any way. Until quite recently he felt that such an account of the difficulties, arguments and quarrels that took place among the Allied peace-makers should not be published. But in the light of the growing difficulties for making the peace of tomorrow at the end of this war, he thought that if this record was available it might prevent a repetition of many of the mistakes which were made. All of us I am quite certain share that hope. And so, after a silence of 25 years, we now have access to these diaries.

It is truly an inside story—an inside story which everyone interested in the future security and stability and cooperation of the world should know and understand. Mr. Hugh Gibson has written the introduction, which contains the story told him as to how this diary happened to be written. One winter's afternoon, in Berlin, in 1915, Colonel Bonsal observed a distressed and bewildered American, a sheet of paper clutched in his hand, trying in vain to get help from passing Germans in finding his way. One after another they ignored him or brushed him aside, and seeing the way open for a good deed, the Colonel came to the rescue and took charge. He led his compatriot to the one shop in Berlin where English newspapers could still be found, interpreted for him and left him at the door, never thinking he would see him again, and soon. That man turned out to be, as they met the next day, by chance, at the American Embassy, Colonel House, who hailed him as a good Samaritan, and like most good Samaritans he was promptly called on for further service.

Starting as an adviser on Balkan affairs, Colonel Bonsal soon became the close associate of Colonel House in all matters bearing upon the peace. He was chosen to sit with President Wilson and Colonel House to interpret for them the proceedings of secret meetings where no stenographic notes were kept and no official translations made. At the request of the President, he made it a practice to write up these notes in the form of a journal and it is that journal which is now before us. "For a long time before and after the turn of the century," says Hugh Gibson, "Colonel Bonsal was probably our most distinguished foreign correspondent. He traveled extensively, following the armies in many wars, some of them with his life-long friend, Richard Harding Davis."

Of the many who have written on the subject of Versailles, none had a more intimate or personal acquaintance with the great figures of that hour, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Balfour, Smuts, Masaryk, than did Colonel Bonsal; and also his friendship with Senator Lodge in this country enabled him to understand, as indeed it also might have enabled him to prevent the complete collapse of the plan as far as we are concerned, had it not been for the illness of the President. It makes one almost breathless now to contemplate what might have been the subsequent history of the world had Senator Lodge and President Wilson been able to come to terms with each other, and a plan have been evolved which would have had the whole-hearted support of the United States of America and its people.

Yes, this book "Unfinished Business," should be read and carefully studied, not only by us all but certainly by those who, when that great

hour arrives in the world's history, shall gather once again—men and diplomats from all the nations and countries of the world—for the most momentous task which man has ever had —the effort of creating a world of comity, of cooperation and of understanding which, of course, would mean a world of peace. That opportunity is before the world. It will come. And the responsibility upon the men in that conference of tomorrow will be the heaviest responsibility which has ever rested upon the shoulders and the minds of men. Here in the book we see the living personalities with all their strength and their weakness—Clemenceau, Lloyd George, General Smuts, Edward Benes, Colonel House and President Wilson. "Unfinished Business" is not only one of the most dramatic episodes I have ever read, but it also constitutes a pattern, a definite blueprint and guide for the future.

It is a wise man who learns from his mistakes, and who learns so well that at any cost those mistakes will not be repeated. The same thing can be said for a nation. The future depends, for ourselves and our children's children, on our ability to learn the mistakes of the past and on the quality of our character being such that the mistakes will not be repeated in the years which are yet unborn. Colonel House remarked once about the whole business: "Those who in the future shall lead civilization to ultimate victory—and on that score I have no misgivings—may advance along a somewhat different route, but they will find extremely helpful the signposts and the stepping-stones which Wilson placed on his way."

I have space, I think, to quote the last paragraph of the book. "With this glance in retrospect I end my chronicle of words spoken and of things seen during the tragic year of 1919 and after. Should what I have written ever pass out of my personal files into the public domain, it may serve as a footnote to history and prove of some slight assistance to those who will share responsibility and are called to save the world from the plight in which it flounders today. As a last word I would recall the saying of General Smuts that should never be forgotten: 'Not Wilson, but humanity failed at Paris.' That places responsibility where it belongs."

John Oxenham's "Goal and the Way" from Thomas Curtis Clark's "New Patriotism" comes to my mind with this review:

"The future lies
With those whose eyes
  Are wide to the necessities,
And wider still
With fervent will
  To all the possibilities.

Times big with fate
Our wills await,
  If we be ripe to occupy;
If we be bold
To seize and hold
  This new-born liberty.

And every man
Not only can
  But *must* the great ocasion seize.
Never again
Will he attain
  Such wondrous opportunities.

Be strong! Be true!
Claim your soul's due!
  Let no man rob you of the prize!
The goal is near,
The way is clear,
  Who falters now shames God, and dies."

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

SEATED at my desk for the purpose of writing the Mail Bag for the June issue, the thought of the thirty-second anniversary of Our Church crowds all else from my mind. I had better not begin writing about it or I will go on and on, forgetting all about the letters,—and I have some that are very interesting.

My thoughts travel back to those early years of Our Church—when our preacher was very young, but never more earnest. Yes, he was young to have the courage to step out of the safe path of orthodoxy and say "I am going to preach what I can *believe*. I will preach Liberal religion—a religion that deals with the common problems of every day, and apply the teachings of Jesus to them—for 'Jesus is modern' he said—'the world never has caught up with Jesus!'" And he dreamed of a church that would be non-sectarian, but would welcome into its fold people from all denominations who would wish to cooperate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will.

True, he did not have an enormous Bible on his pulpit upon which to pound his fist, "firstly, secondly and thirdly"—but he had a small Bible that would fit into his coat pocket, and a small volume of Emerson—Channing — Lincoln — Paine and others from which he read when adaptable to the subject of his sermon. And the poets also had their place in the services, for Preston Bradley likes poetry and it became his custom to search out a poem suitable to the subject every Sunday morning. The young preacher's dream of a great church came true, but he never dreamed—and does not now realize—how truly great and how far reaching its influence. Nor did he know anything about the millions who would listen to him over the mysterious contraption called "Radio" which had never been heard of back in the early days of The Peoples Church!

In those days the young preacher was frowned upon by many orthodox ministers who since have implored him to come and preach a Sunday evening in their church. Oh, yes! and he goes —and their church is packed and they love him—but he is the same man, with the same ideas—it is they who have changed—grown more tolerant—more intellectually honest—wiser with the years.

The young preacher has grown too, with the years—of course he has—he could not remain stationary and be worth anything. He has grown in wisdom, judgment, spirituality — with clearer vision, poise and understanding.

Many of the friends and members of thirty-two years ago still keep a loyal interest in the Church and a deep affection for their pastor. Many of the older ones we have lost by death.

Dr. Bradley is very modest about himself and his achievements, and he is always so surprised at the crowds that pack his great Church, clamoring

from the sidewalk to be allowed inside even to stand. He thinks it is so wonderfully kind of them to come!

I must remind myself that I am not writing a book! But oh! there is so much I want to say. However—I pause to salute you, Pastor of The Peoples Church, on this thirty-second anniversary. May you have health and inspiration for many more years in your magnificent work! I salute you from the altar in my heart—where you are not only my pastor but also my husband. God bless you always!

* * *

Our first letter is from one of our young men who has grown up in the Church, and it was thoughtful and fitting that he felt the urge to write to Dr. Bradley on Easter morning at sea. We appreciate Roy Adams' fine letter which follows:—

"Dear Doctor:—At Sea, Easter Sunday, U. S. S. Hermitage.

"It is Easter Sunday and we have just held early morning services out on deck, with the sun just coming up over the horizon and lighting the eastern sky in rose-colored hues. It was such a change from the customary service that I thought you would like to hear about it.

"Hundreds of young men—officers and sailors, marines and army men—were all mingled together, sitting on life rafts or on the decks, and some were in the rigging. On a platform was a piano, the choir and the improvised altar and pulpit. A loudspeaker system, ordinarily used to play radio transcriptions or records extolling the horrors of foreign diseases, carried the singing and the voice of the chaplain to hundreds more way back on the fantail or below decks.

"These boys are facing something grim, and their courage will be tried to the utmost. There were no new Easter suits, nor young ladies in startling hats for them—just drab uniforms and campaign shoes and caps or olive-colored helmets. Many have sprouted mustaches or Van Dykes, while their hair is cut short. They would have made a very strange appearance walking down the aisles of the Peoples Church—and yet they are our boys. And when the piano struck up 'Hark, the Herald Angels Sing,' I'm sure God heard their voices. They rang out strong and clear. This was not an idle hymn—it meant a great deal, for none could be sure he would ever sing it again on Easter Sunday.

"Chaplain Davis preached a fine Easter sermon, bringing faith and hope for a better world as an anachronistic result of our present war. I had a good view of all their faces—and many were not dry. They are all truly 'Christian soldiers,' and I know it is your and all our prayers that the cross of Jesus is going on before. May the blessings of this Easter season be with you and our church. I feel your inspiration even here. Sincerely, Roy."

From Goshen, Indiana, Doctor received this very kind expression of appreciation:—

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—It is our privilege to have the time to listen to your broadcasts daily and I can refrain no longer from writing to tell you of the pure mental joy they have daily afforded us—which joy in turn has stimulated both our mental and physical activities. Like your three words—BREAD — BEAUTY — BROTHERHOOD, in one of your broadcasts, your talks linger in our minds, sustaining us with uplifting thoughts. Thank you for sending them over the waves to us.

"Your review of the book 'The Return' was a very particular gem from your daily jewels and it is with eager anticipation that we await the reading of this little masterpiece.

"That you may be given continued

strength in Spirit, Mind and Body is the sincere wish of all at our house. Very truly yours, Grace de Waele Rockwell."

You remember the fine letter from Chaplain Laxamana in the South Pacific—published in the Easter number of The Liberalist? Today we received another letter from him that I think is very interesting. Here it is, dated May 5th, 1944:—

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—The E. F. Co. sent me a collection of your broadcasts and I want to thank you for the inspiration they give. They are put in our reading rooms so that boys from the middle West can pick up where they left off with your broadcasts. Your name is familiar to many men and officers and some know you quite intimately.

"I was particularly interested in your talk of February 8, 1944, based on the remark of a captured Japanese officer on 'jungle fighting.' This island where I am now is probably the locale of that statement and I can see very well by the scars and devastations all around, the basis for such a statement.

"These islands are really beautiful as only God can make them for human and animal habitation, to live in peace and abundance. Ugliness is only found where man's inhumanity to man has touched it.

"Just learned from a fellow minister in Chicago that my letter to you was printed in your church paper. This is the first time I learned of it and I'm so glad you found it of enough worth to give it a place in your paper. My wife, living at 1829 East 72nd St. will appreciate getting a copy of the issue.

"Enclosing copies of my latest programs, which will give you an idea of the work I am doing. Sincerely yours, Chaplain F. A. Laxamana."

Must close the Mail Bag now. Don't forget to write during the summer. Our Summer address is elsewhere in this number.

AND — KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

Dr. Bradley's Engagements

April 15th to May 15th

APRIL

16—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Address. Memorial Concert. Emerson Abernethy. Peoples Church.

17—Radio Address. Elec. Transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Cutting records for radio transcriptions.
Address. Men's Club. First M. E. Church, Evanston.

18—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Cutting records for radio transcriptions.

19—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Conference.
Attendance at meeting Chicago Race Commission.
Address. Adolph Kraus Lodge Covenant Club.

20—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Cutting records for radio transcriptions.

21—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Address. Negaunee, Michigan. Marquette County Teachers' Institute. (Morning meeting.)
Address. (Afternoon meeting)

Marquette County Teachers' Institute, Negaunee, Mich.

22—Address. Society of Santiago de Cuba. Edgewater Beach Hotel.

23—Morning Service. Peoples Church.

24—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Address. Annual Spring Luncheon Woman's Club Peoples Church. Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Address. Waukegan Y.M.C.A.

25—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Address. Iroquois Club. Morrison Hotel.
Cutting records for radio transcriptions.
Address. Annual Banquet Nat'l. Sanitary Supply Co. Morrison Hotel.

26—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Art Institute Exhibit. Acting as Judge.
Address. Ill. Assoc. of School Boards. Chicago Bar Association.

27—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Meeting. Central Y.M.C.A.
Address. Men's Club, First Congregational Church.

28—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Cutting records for radio transcription.
Address. First Congregational Church, Argo, Ill.

30—Morning sermon. Peoples Church.

MAY

1—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Address. Sullivan Woman's Club, Sullivan, Ill.
Visited Masonic Home.

2—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Address. Loveland Community Building, Dixon, Ill.

3—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Address. Kankakee, Ill. Kankakee Lodge 389, A.F.&A.M.

4—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Address. Pontiac Penitentiary.
Address. Joliet Lions Club, Joliet, Ill.

5—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations. Muskegon, Mich. (A.M.), trip to Douglas Malloch Memorial Forest. Unveiling of painting at Muskego Co. Museum.
Address. (P.M.), High School Auditorium Tribute to Douglas Malloch.
Radio Address. WKZB Muskegon.

6—Address. Annual Dinner. Friends of Literature. Medinah Club.

7—Morning service. Peoples Church. Anniv. of 20 years of broadcasting.
Address. Warren Av. Congregational Church.

8—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Address. Bohemian Woman's Club. Hotel LaSalle.
Chicago Public Library Board Meeting.

9—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Board Meeting. Peoples Church.

10—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Press Conference.
Cutting records for radio transcription.
Address. Assoc. Millinery Men of Chicago. Medical and Dental Arts Bldg.

11—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Cutting records for radio transcription.
Address. First Unitarian Church, Hinsdale, Ill.

12—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations. Cutting records for radio transcription.

Address. Plastic Industry Conference. Edgewater Beach Hotel.

14—Morning Service Peoples Church.

Christenings

APRIL

16—Mrs. Harriet Truly Vosburgh.

23—Linda Jane Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Osa Clark.

MAY

7—Lee Robert Jensen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Jensen.

Paul Elmer Guersch, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Guersch.

Weddings

APRIL

15—Leonard Hartl and Ruth Anderson

22—John Bash and Marie Atherton

23—E. F. Barnes and Agnes Kuhlmann

25—J. Robert Norrie and Ella Esther Norrie

29—Harry Edwards and Winona Clark Gooch

Franklin J. Varela and Lolu Mae Ruckel

Funerals

APRIL

15—Mrs. Hilda Bergman

17—Carl A. Bergendahl

19—Mrs. Dora Bush

20—Mrs. Helen Stafford

22—Mrs. Rose White

24—Mrs. Jennie Trasher

Mrs. Ferdinand Peck

26—Henry G. Gabel

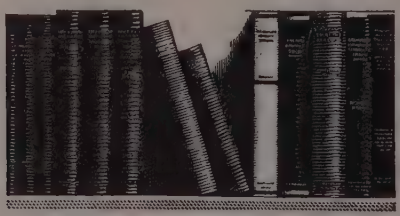
27—J. K. Wooten

28—Mrs. Daisy Newell

29—Joseph J. Rollin

MAY

11—Mrs. Ida Thornton



BOOKS are the true levelers. They give to all who faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, and the best and greatest of our race. —W. E. CHANNING

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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THE UPTOWN PLAYERS CENTER OF ALLIED ARTS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle Street **Whitehall 5257**

JUNE PRODUCTION—"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?"

A Comedy by Monita Caldwell

Because of its popularity, the May vehicle of The Players is being held over for the month of June. Included in the cast are stars from the last four plays given by The Uptown Players: Dolores Meyer and Neil Lambur from "Our Town"—Claire Burns from "Port of Chicago"—Barbara Holmes from "Shadows Fall Early" and J. Bradley-Griffin from "One Flight Down."

* * *

Performances of "*What Shall It Profit?*" every Friday and Saturday night during June at 8:30

* * *

JUNE 3—Members and friends of the Professional and Business Woman's Club of The Peoples Church are holding a Theatre Party at The Uptown Players Center.

* * *

JUNE 11—3:00 p.m.—Auditions for membership in The Uptown Players. If interested in acting, business management, scene design, costume, publicity, radio, or any phase of the theatre, you are eligible for audition.

* * *

JUNE 18—June Drama Tea, 4:00 p.m. The Uptown Players present J. Bradley-Griffin in a recital version of Moss Hart's "WINGED VICTORY."

* * *

There will be no activity of The Uptown Players during July and August

* * *

FALL OPENING—SEPTEMBER 15TH

An Original Musical

"FOOTLIGHTS AND FANFARE"

Honor Roll

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Cpl. Howard Wentz
Lt. Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
*Lt. George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
*Henry J. Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Cpl. Wendell Estal
Winslow Heg
Capt. Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
Capt. James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
Sgt. William F. Hobbs
Duane R. Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
Sgt. William V. Myers
**Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Jay Merrick
Cpl. Charles Fuss
Robert Plumley
*Charles C. Crane
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel

Elwood E. Kiltz
Lt. Carroll D. York
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Robert Hannum
J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.
Robert K. Schnorr
Rudolph E. Salamon
LeRoy Adams
Franklyn Adams
L. C. Rowley
Robert J. Hansen
Clyde F. Bower
Edward P. Brosious
Donald W. Brosious
Tom Henderson
J. Bryant Shoberg
Daniel Arthur Needham
Arthur Quesnall
David Ettelson
George Felch
Virgil Drew Widener
G. Andrey
William Henderson
William H. Parlette
Capt. Andrew Haban
John H. Hagen
Lawrence Johnson
Cpl. James Kosner
William James Walters
Wayne P. Blue
Martin Sauser
William Sauser
Florence M. Moore
Edward Paschal
Robert Weeger
Ruth Leffler
Harry G. Nelson
George G. Eddy, Jr.
Tommy Bartlett
William James Walters
Elmer M. Wiederer
Marie Tilles
Robert H. Wiggins
Robert L. Eldred
Charles Paige
Harry DuMont
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Sarah Parks McCord
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*Killed in action. **Reported missing at sea.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

✦ ✦ ✦

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 o'clock
(Closes for Summer, June 11th)

DR. BRADLEY'S SUMMER ACTIVITIES:

BROADCASTS

CHICAGO, ILL.—WLS—7:45 a.m.—Monday through Friday
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ST. LOUIS, MO.—KSD—7:15 a.m.—Monday through Friday
OMAHA, NEB.—KOIL—7:15 a.m.—Monday through Friday
LINCOLN, NEB.—KFAB—7:45 a.m.—Monday through Friday
ROCHESTER, MINN—KROC—12:00 noon—Monday through Friday
ALBERT LEA, MINN.—KATE—{9:00 p.m.—Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.
{5:30 p.m.—Sunday
MANKATO, MINN.—KYSM—{6:30 p.m.—Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri.
{5:30 p.m.—Sunday

WEEKLY BOOK REVIEW FOR THE CHICAGO HERALD AND AMERICAN—"IN THE REALM OF BOOKS"

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE RESUMED September 17th
Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 o'clock

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE RESUMED November 5th.. 7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall, Sunday morning..... 9:30 o'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH—Anderson Hall, Sunday morning.....11:00 o'clock

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—Resumed November 1st..... 8:00 o'clock

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday evening, Church Auditorium ..... 7:30 o'clock

RED CROSS UNIT—Every Thursday in Anderson Hall 9:30 to 4:00 o'clock

MEN'S CLUB—Resumed fourth Monday in November..... 8:00 o'clock

USHERS' CLUB—Second Monday each month during church season ..... 8:00 o'clock

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB—Resumed in October..... 8:00 o'clock

WOMAN'S CLUB—June 13th, 14th and 15th, at The Peoples Church Cooking School—Anderson Hall
Tuesday, June 13th..... 1:30 o'clock
Wednesday, June 14th..... 1:30 o'clock
Thursday, June 15th..... 7:30 o'clock
For Summer activities, 'phone Miss Mabel E. Byrnes, Bri. 5308

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Theatre Party at Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. La Salle St., Friday, June 2nd..... 8:30 o'clock
For Summer activities, 'phone Mrs. Jane Jones, Ard. 9301

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. See special schedule, page 22 of this issue. The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257.

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